hours lulled to quiet, then a concert of a myriad sweeter voices takes its place, the soothing whirr of the cricket clan, the hoarse hoot of the owls, the heavy flutter of the peacocks flight home, the swift sly pursuit of the Jackal. It was probably in Delhi that Baber noticed that " whenever there are many Peacocks in a wood there are also a number of Jackals in it. The Peacock has a neck of fine azure painted with richest yellow, green, azure, violet. It has flowers or stars on its back. Its tail is as high as a man, and it is much molested by Jackals in dragging this after it in its passage from one thicket to another."

Then the scents. Ah the scents ! If you are susceptible to the strange subtle power they wield over some natures, avoid the Indian night as Tolstoi counsels the sound-swayed to avoid music. In no other land are perfumes so let loose upon men. The vieux rose bouquets of the oleander give out a scent so powerful that the mind which receives it gives one mad bound to a vision of

happiness
too keen for this cut-and-dry world. The
smell of the earth gasping a few hours before
the rain falls is as a tortured heart clamouring
for the with-held wine of love. Its joy when
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